

ANIMADVERSIONS

On a Late

PAMPHLET,

INTITLED,

Lithotomia Douglassiana:

OR,

The SCOTCH DOCTOR'S Publication of Himself.

Considered by way of LETTER,

Exutâ Pelle Leonis, tandem extabat Scotus.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford-Arms
in *Warwick-Lane*; and A. DODD, at the Pea-
cock without *Temple-Bar*. 1720.

[Price Four-pence.]

ANIMADVERSIONS

On a late

PARALLEL

Interpretation

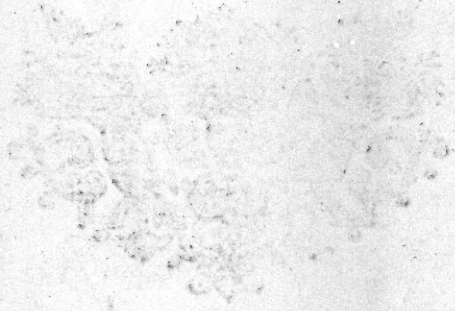
of the

of

The Second Book of the
History of the

Cambridge University

Printed at the University Press



LONDON
Printed for J. B. Nichols, near the Old Bailey
and for J. B. Nichols, in the Strand
1844



*Animadversions on a Pam-
phlet, intituled, Lithoto-
mia Douglassiana.*

Dear Sawney,



PERSUADE myself you
will excuse a Brother Doc-
tor this Epistolary Free-
dom, since the Drift of the
whole will be employ'd in setting
forth your high Merits, your singular
Modesty, and unweary'd Diligence
for the Good of Mankind, with-
out the least View of Self-Interest.

whose notable Fame and long-fetch'd Experience from *abroad*, may justly claim Respect and Commendation at *home*.

THE Account you have lately publish'd to the World of cutting for the Stone, though long since practis'd by some, yet you, from an extraordinary Sagacity, have not only revived the Operation, but from the surprizing Success you meet with (if we may credit yourself) it can be accounted no Breach of Modesty, or Detraction from those Gentlemen, to arrogate the fame to yourself, under the pompous Title of *Lithotomia Douglassiana*. Besides, the secret and private manner of your performing it, may convince us of your little Intention to set others about the same Work, whose Dexterity and Eyes might fall short of your own; to the hazard of those poor Souls whose Ignorance may lead them
to

to suffer by such who (*propria experientia*) cannot boast of their Abilities in this way, much less write upon it.

W H A T tho you never saw the Operation till you put it in practice, (as you say) that was no obstacle to so accurate a *Performer*, who, had he only dreamt on it, could have had clearer Satisfaction on the matter than the most refin'd waking Ideas of a Set of dull Practitioners, resolved to pursue their wonted Methods, could e'er have furnish'd themselves with. What tho the *Patient* had the Convenience of your own House, supply'd with Gruel and Union *Thea* at your sole expence; I presume your Charity will not lessen your Zeal (not to say Madness) for the Good of Mankind. What tho the Persons who were present (for Reasons to yourself) at the Operation, conceal their Names; you have made

a handſom Apology for them: namely, to ſave them the trouble of anſwering every impertinent *Prigg*, therefore improper to mention them.

YOU confeſs there were Phyſicians and Surgeons, of each two, and one Apothecary; Men ſurely of conſiderable Eminency and Diſtinction in their Profeſſion, whoſe Credit you were unwilling ſhould ſuffer by affixing their Names to your Trifles, and who perhaps as yet have ſignalized themſelves only in ſome diſtant Climes by curing the Incurables, and are not ſufficiently prepared with Certificates of their Veracity and Skill: If this be the matter, we cannot blame them for depending on the *Operator's* ſurer Front, to ſtand by any oppoſition that may be made, till Time may render their Countenances of as *Sterling* a hue as your own: and then in your next

Eſſay

Effay they may be able to confront the *Scioli*, who dare to call in question the Authority of so ingenious and antique a *Practitioner*; unless some unlucky Accident should prevent their design, by an unseasonable Elopement, and leave you in the lurch for *Vouchers*. However, should this come to pass, your Reputation (which at present is so bespatter'd, as you are pleased to say) will be so confirmed, that neither *Marten*, *Spink*, *Synclare*, or any other of the *Literati* (for those, I presume, are the *Priggs* and *Scioli* you are afraid of) will be able to hurt you.

OF my Well-Wishes to your Performances, and earnest Desire for your growing Fame, that it may exceed any of the foremention'd Gentlemen, I flatter myself you will make no doubt; and if it lay in my power against the next *Operation* (since you are so sure of the

the Success of it) we will whip up a Panegyrick on your extraordinary Merit before you set about it; and whether it be ever done or no, the Report shall equally be handed about to your advantage; and rather than fail, we can make a hole in his Belly, and in the conclusion (for then none but yourself can testify to them) call in some few of the Faculty to be Judges of a Wound, the bare marks of which are only left for them to view.

DEAR DOCTOR, In so important an Operation narrowly respecting Life, I cannot but wonder that some *Seniors* of the Profession were not called in; unless that you were informed of any sinister Intention they might have to nip your *Credit*, or raise to themselves a fresh Reputation by your great *Atchievements*: or perhaps you was afraid of their Spectacles, which

which might have given them too clear a light into the Affair, and have occasioned the Promulgation of some unseasonable Truth, which you, like a prudent Operator, sufficiently guarded against. For while those Gentlemen (who, you say, were present) had promis'd your Secrecy, and you on the other hand complimented them with a Resolution not to send impertinent *Querists* to them; the Affair would wholly rest among yourselves, and the same Scene may be acted as often as you please, and no doubt with as much Success. The whole Contrivance, I must own, was uncommon; for if Men of Judgment, and known to us, had been there, you might have made them as wise as yourself, which could never have answered the End: for who knows, e'er long you may be sent for to some Noble Person, whose Liberality may compensate

M

B

your

your Pains and Charity for this poor Fellow. Which brings to my Mind a Story of a famous Nobleman, who from his profound Study had found out a Medicine to cure a lying Tongue; not that I believe you desire the Receipt, since you and I well know, dull Truths meet with but a cold Reward, when a bold *Face* and a busy *Aspect* will make a Man, who has his Business to do, appear to the World as if it was done. This, Sir, you are appris'd of, is the best Method, and I congratulate you upon it; for should we, like *Regulars* in the Art, who served a dull *Apprenticeship*, boast of our Legitimacy, the envious Rogues would quickly plead a Share in our Merit, and never cease to detract from their Betters, till they had levelled us with themselves: but we who took a scrap at *St. Thomas's*, *ex gratiâ*, of a certain Great Man

Man, (whose Name I bear too great a Respect to, to mention here) from thence over the *Seas*, where after a long Peregrination, in pity to *Great Britain*, almost blind with the Prejudice of old Practice, we resolved to set up an Office for the Benefit of Youth, not at all for ourselves. For the accurate Description I have given of the Method I made use of in cutting this fortunate *Subject*, the undeniable Proof, and Authority, I have brought to confirm their Understandings, whenever they shall attempt the same, with my Appendix to the end of my elaborate *Work*, called a *Syllabus*, may evince the most unbelieving of them, that I never acquir'd my Knowledge of Surgery by the usual *Servitude*, and Night-Lucubrations, which others are wont to do, and at last set down contented with as small a share of Sense as their

Neighbours. No, Gentlemen, I can assure you, I attained it at a much easier rate, 'twas by secret Impulses, quicken'd and stirr'd up from a pure Zeal of serving my Fellow-Subjects: and for a Confirmation of it, let them repair to my House in *Fetter-lane*, where they shall be supply'd with all Necessaries, and not asked one Farthing till the Cure is performed; and if any should chance to die, (upon the Word of a true *Scot*) their Flesh shall be made as good Mummy as ever the *Egyptians* prepar'd, and their Bones as well filled up, as when in their natural Position: so that, dead or alive, they shall be preserved as Monuments to my Fame and Credit. Nay, their Memory shall be had to After-Ages, and perdure as long as my *celebrated Works*, which (in my Opinion) cannot fail of longer

ger Duration than those of the late Doctors, *Wall* and *Cafe*.

ONCE more, *Sweet Sawney*, I hope you will forgive the Prolixity of my Epistle: though I have not a *Nomenclature*, or *Syllabus*, to tack to it, I am resolved to make a Collection of your own *Undertaking*, which may serve as well: *Imprim. Qui propria experientia loquuntur*. Here, one would think, you were as well vers'd in the Operation as the famous *Bleeder* in *Russel-Court* is in breathing Veins, though you acknowledge to have done it but once, (and that very much questioned by some:) A notable Experience, to confirm a Man of the Success of so dangerous an Enterprize, when others of less Capacity than yourself, would have trembled at the thought of it! If others should, by your confident Report, be hardy enough to make trial of it, they

they must come to you for *Fingers* and *Instruments*, if they intend to succeed; for you have not thought fit, in your elaborate Pamphlet, to let them into that Secret, but, like skilful Artists of the Sword, are resolved to keep a private Push for yourself; otherwise the Intent of your Advertisement had been lost, and your Method, like Doctor Cockburn's *Injection*, had been no better than the rest. Cunningly fought, Doctor; for who can blame a Man for securing himself?

SECONDLY, It is commonly asserted with the greatest Assurance (not with any Design to raise De Franco's Reputation, but to lessen mine) that I made the Operation after De Franco's Method, though he has told but little of his Tale, and I have told none of mine. I dare to say the Persons, whosoever they were, that made the Report,

port, had no such Design in view; and if you had been silent, as to your own Reputation, till now, the World had been a perfect Stranger to it. So that if you now have *any*, it must be entirely owing to the Notice they have taken of you, though but in the same manner as they would of those Gentlemen whose Ambition has publish'd their Merits on every Pissing-Post and Pillar of the Town. Yet if this does but answer your End, of being known, I make no doubt but you'll forgive the Affront, and let them laugh that win. If not, you may pitch your Tent on *Ludgate-hill*, the *Old-Baily*, or near *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and appear abroad in little Scraps of Paper with the rest of the *Gentry*, discorded for their great Actions and mighty Performances on Mankind; for this is an envious Age we live in, other-
wise

wise Men of such *unknown Abilities* had never been deprived of the Benefit of fresh Air. However, I don't pretend to Prophecy, so can only wish you to go on and prosper ; to teach *others to perform what they can't do themselves, which (in my Opinion) is the greatest Absurdity in Nature.* Good, Doctor, pardon me if I look on this as a smaller Absurdity than the following Paragraph. *Supposing my Operation was the same in every tittle as De Franco's, yet if it is found a safer and easier way in relieving, it is, nevertheless, new.*

THIS is such an unheard-of Paradox, that nothing but thy own Noddle could have invented: *e. g.* If poor *Woodward* (whom I pity for not being better employed) should find an easier Way of Publication than you of Writing, (tho he copy'd the Original to a hair)

for

for this his Dexterity, the Property of the Author justly belongs to him ; and then the Doctor would be robbed of his Invention, and the Bookseller swell with the Conceit of being an Author. This is what, I dare say, you did not think on. And if he had not been a Fellow of singular Modesty, e'er now he might have strutted with a disdainful Air, from a Superfluity of Merit, to the mortification of all the *Priggs*, whose impertinent Scrutinies might lead them to explore a thing so minute as the Doctor's *Character*, and so render themselves as ridiculous as the Fellow who went fifteen Miles to see the Skeleton of a Flea, or to learn the Name and Abode of the Patient whom the Doctor (as he is pleased to say) cut, or of those *Worthies* who attended the Operation: An Affair of the most solemn and greatest Moment, no less

C

less than the Life of a suffering Wretch immediately at stake, and this clandestinely transacted in a Garret, the Witnesses fled, or what is all one, not to be found to answer the Sollicitations of those whose Curiosity may one day prompt them to the same Experiment, but, God forbid, in the same narrow-spirited manner. However, this I may conclude with, That if the Doctor was not conscious, that the greatest Proof he can bring in Vindication of himself, would fall short of giving that Satisfaction and Credit, as a matter of this Consequence demands; I am sure, instead of such silly and pitiful Excuses (as those of not troubling the Gentlemen with impertinent Questions, like a Fellow under Guilt and Confusion) he would have had the most authentick Proof, the most Ingenuous and Experienced in the Profession, to have re-

related the Truth of his Operation; that that part of Mankind, whose calamitous Condition might one day or other call for his Help, might not be imposed on with the slender Proof of an *Ipsè dixit*, and so be juggled out of their Lives and Money too. But as the Case stands, I submit it to any intelligent Reader whether he has not artificially gotten a *Decoy-Duck* to draw others into their Destruction; but if at any time the contrary is made appear, I shall be ready to acknowledge the Injustice of my own, and others Censures, in publick Recantation in Print, as here I charge them.

FAR be it from me to be the only unbelieving Person; for the Doctor is not quite so ignorant, as not to think the rest of Mankind discern the Fallacy, and know what Value to put on the Assertions of such *Publicators*, who

have neither made Proof of their Performances, nor given the Manner of doing it: *Varia deniq; sunt technæ quibus Medicaſtri ſe apud vulgum promoverè annituntur: quidam alterius nominis ruina gloriam ſuam, lucrumq; ſuperſtruunt. Nonnulli ſuperbo corporis habitu (Iro quamvis pauperiores) artem oſtendant ſuam. Alii ſi Peregrinati ſint, & temporis reliquum caſtaneis torrendis collatum ſit, repudiatis ritè medendi præceptis ſuis ſolum contenti, aliorum monita & conatus prorsus ſpernunt. The Operation tedious, Cause of Incontinency of Urine, of Impotency, and Fiſtula's.*

Graves hic in omnes Chirurgoſ præſertim lithotomiam exercentes ſtringuntur Censura. A heavy Charge, without the leaſt colour of Truth; which numbers of Patients, whom the preſent ſucceſſful Management of cutting on the Staffe, can evince the contrary from

a vigorous and healthful Disposition of Body. If Reflections of this nature had been made by a Surgeon, they might have appeared spiteful and malicious; but in the present Circumstances, when a Man has nothing to plead for himself, but a positive Assertion that his own Pills are best, the Reason is obvious: *Et si populus vult decipi, decipiatur. Quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri sacra fames.*

You may think it vain in me for making no mention from whence I took my *Latin*, but I have found out a rich Vein, which, with a little good Management, may serve me for Garnish as long as I intend to be an Author. And you know, *Dear Sawney*, should I discover the place, there are so many Rogues stand in need of the like Helps, that tho I sprung the Mine, they may run away with the Ore. *Cause of Fistula's, because the Parts*
are

are membranous, nervous, or spermatick, therefore unapt to heal. A little further he says, *In my Operation, by reason of the Structure of the Parts, they are successfully prevented; and there can be no Fistula after it, if proper care is taken of the Wound.* The making the Incision in *Perinaeo*, because of the similar and membranous Contexture of the Parts, the Occasion of the forementioned Ills; when an Incision into the Belly, and thro the Body of the Bladder, shall be confidently reported a safer Operation, (as if the Structure of the Bladder was not as similar and membranous as any of the forementioned parts) it is to me such an Opposition to Reason and Anatomy, that nothing but a mere Pretender to both could have advanced. And as to the proper Care of the Wound for preventing a Fistula, this Expression
smells

smells so rank of Dr. *Woodward's* Oils and Vomits *well managed*, that I declare to you, if I dwell any longer on this Theme, I shall be obliged to fend for that oily Gentleman, and sooner suffer the inner Orifice of my Stomach to be tickled with a Feather, than endure the nauseous Repetition of Bubble and Self-applause. So farewell, *Dear Sawney*, and as you tender my Good-will for your Prosperity, be but as speedy in taking notice of me; and I promise that your *Anatomia Chirurgo-Necessaria*, whenever the World shall be obliged with it, (if it proves as valuable as this) will meet with as favourable a reception from your most devoted Servant, as your present Piece has done.

N. B.

N. B. The Doctor perhaps will think this no Answer ; to which I only reply, That not the least *material Point* has slippt my Observation. On this I challenge the subtlest Head to contradict ; and if I am found tardy, may I be doomed to read the Doctor's *Works* again ; or what's as bad, submit *one Minute*, or at most but *two*, to his Dexterity and Slight of Hand.

F I N I S

